

DYKES WITH DOLLARS



Brides With Bread Go From Bedroom To Bedroom With Broom Buddies

Investigation into the shadowy world of the Lesbian has turned up one fascinating fact—that a large majority of the girls come from very wealthy families. Girls who have had the best of advantages in terms of the material things of our society—clothes, schooling, upbringing, money, and position. Why

then, you may ask, do girls who have everything (apparently) turn to other women for love? Surely, with all they possess, they can find their emotional security with a man.

Seeking the answers to these, and other, questions we sought out some wealthy girls in hopes that they could supply us with

understanding. Judy K., Vicki G., and Linda E. agreed (willingly) to tell our readers of their feelings, emotions, and motives. They discussed their experiences freely, almost as if it was necessary to get them off their well-endowed chests. That the three girls have wealth there can be no doubt; each one has a private

income in excess of fifty thousand dollars a year and all stand to inherit fortunes. In short, they know nothing of the accepted struggle for economic security that most Americans face every day.

And yet, it is this very security that is, perhaps, the basic cause for their excursions into Lesbianism.

JUDY: "I guess it all started because we were all so bored. Let's face it, when you've got everything and there are no limitations on your freedom, you begin to look for kicks. Take me, for instance. I've been around the world three times—went to schools in Switzerland and England—have been a member of the jet set since I was old enough to sing—and all I have to do if I want something is to pick up a phone. When you do that year in and year out you begin to look for the future and the unusual. Especially sexually.

"Just to get laid isn't enough. I've had my share of affairs. Been picked up, or picking up, everything from professional football players to movie stars down through streetwise cops and bar-tenors. All for kicks, you understand. As for getting married, I've even tried that. It just didn't work out. A girl with my money has to have a real good reason for tying herself down. And just to have children isn't enough. Think about it—what other reason does a rich girl marry for? Security? To get away from home? Because she's tired of working? No, most of the standard reasons aren't acceptable—they just don't fit wealthy girls. And when it comes to falling in love, well, you don't have to marry the guy just because you love him, do you?

"Vicky and Linda feel pretty much the same way. We don't have many secrets from each other so I know they'll tell you just about what I have. And because of those reasons, we kind of drifted into Lesbianism..."

LINDA: "Judy's right. It hap-

pened about a year ago—while the three of us were on a cruise in the Mediterranean. It was early morning and we were out on a crowded part of the deck reconspiring from the party the night before and getting a sun-tan. All of us had an bikini which we had untied. It was kind of a dreary mood with nothing exciting happening. I felt something on my breasts and opening my eyes I looked up and saw Vicky tracing my nipples with her little finger..."

WICKY: "I still don't know why I did it—hell, I had seen both Judy and Linda naked before and it had never done anything to me. But this time it was different. I had sat up and turned to ask Judy something. She was on her back, her arm across her eyes shielding them from the sun. Well, her movement had caused the strap of her to drop from her breasts and I felt this funny surge of warmth spreading through my legs. I don't explain why, but I just had to touch them. Gently. I traced around the nipples, not knowing what Judy would say or do—but not caring. They hardened and the pink flesh crested under my touch. And when she sat up, the bra dropped completely away..."

JUDY: "It felt so good. My flesh shivered into goosebumps with the pleasure. But I didn't know what to say. I kept looking at Vicky and then down at my tits and back to her. But I didn't know what to say. Or do..."

LINDA: "I saw what was happening. Just by watching I felt a surge of excitement. I looked at the others and the stage of making love flashed through my consciousness. So I got up and whispered, 'Let's go down to my cabin.' I didn't wait for their answers, but led the way. They followed, and that's how it started..."

WICKY: "We got inside Linda's cabin, locked the door, and wondered what to do next. It wasn't that we didn't know anything about Lesbianism—we all had had

some kind of experience when we were at school—but that was just stuff and what we were leading up to was the real thing..."

JUDY: "I was the first one to take off the bikini—just let it drop away and went to the bank and stretched out. I didn't know or care what was going to happen to me, just so long as something did. It was Linda who came over to me first. She got down on her knees beside me and I closed my eyes as her face lowered to my tits. At the first touch of her mouth I sucked in a breath because the sensation was so exquisite. Then I could feel her stirring at my nipples, poking and pulling with her lips. It was gentle. Not rough like with a man. And so anxious that I couldn't help myself—my legs kept twitching and pretty soon I was writhing and moaning on my back. Even before Vicky did anything, I could feel the juices flowing through my pussy..."

WICKY: "The sight of Linda's bare ass bunched up in the air while her mouth and lips worked on Judy's tits and nipples were too much for me. I had to be part of the act. I had to touch and feel and stroke that white naked flesh. I reached over and began to caress Linda's butt. Carefully. Slowly. The way I always wanted it done on me. My fingers began to trace bigger spirals on the rounds of her buttocks and when I finally teased them between her legs she almost screamed with the sensation against her damp vagina. She wriggled, edging her body so that her legs were spread. Her pussy was open for me and I scratched between her thighs—my face looking up. Carefully, my hands clatching at the white thighs, I pulled the soft downy-covered box to my mouth..."

JUDY: "From the way Linda was shaking and shivering I realized that Vicky was doing something to her—something wild and wonderful. My eyes strained and I saw her face between Linda's thighs—watched the tongue







sweeping upward. Instinctively my hand moved over and then down Vicki's body. Over the rise of her tits—I squeezed and kneaded them, finding to the explosion of her nipples. Down the swell of her belly—feeling the twinkling of the hairy flesh. And finally—finally—to the cave of her femininity. Touching and teasing at the wetty bath—then a swift soft stroke at the pink lips. The quivering, damp lips. Her clitoris budded and her knees flexed and unflexed in uncontrollable reaction. My finger delved—deeper—stroking—touching—probing. And Vicki lost control. Her head twisted and turned—her hands clawed at my back—her teeth locked in a grimace of ecstasy. And when she was ready to come—when she could no longer stand the strain of the torment—her belly lifted and her buttocks arched under her. Her clitoris tore a wall of protest from her throat and her hands dug like talons into me as she struggled for support. Finally it was done and she sank back to the bed, depleted and exhausted. "

VICKY: "And totally gratified, it had been a long time since I had come like that. Since anybody had made me feel the things I had just felt. "

"The answer was obvious. Feminine sex. That was what had made me respond with so much. And it didn't take too long before Judy and Linda were going through the same ordeal—the same reaction to the same sensations. We lay there, a heap of bodies, a welter of tits and asses and wet pussy, all of us realizing what had happened. And why it had happened. . . "

LINDA: "The solution was simple. Back home we took an apartment. A beautiful place designed with one motif in mind—sex. Lots of mirrors and glass . . . pillows and beds. Soft lights and privacy. Why not, we could afford it.

"None of us really live there—it's just a place we keep when we





want to swing with each other. Sometimes it's just two of us and sometimes all three get together. We've got something going for us that's really great. You'd be surprised what three girls can do when they let their imaginations run wild..."

JUDY: "It has nothing to do with love. It's just that we all dig female sex, that's all. It's so different. New and exciting. But we don't go out of our way to find it."

LINDA: "Sure, we've brought other girls up to the place. Lesbians that we've picked up at parties or in bars. But that doesn't make us degenerate. The girls we look for have to meet our standards. They have to have intelligence—beauty—class. And I'm afraid that the only girls you find like that are other girls just like us—girls with money."

VICKY: "That's right. And you'd be surprised how many girls from our circle have turned out to really dig the gay bit. No hangups—no worrying about getting pregnant or having to play up to some guy. You've got to remember that there's only one motive behind all of this—sex. That's it... plain, undistorted sex. And how open can you get when you invite someone up to your apartment and tell her to take off her clothes because you'd love to taste her cunt...?"

LINDA: "There's no harm in what we're doing. Maybe someday something else will turn up that'll take its place. But I wouldn't count on that. Besides, when it comes to the sex scene, who needs anything else...?"

There you have it—the confessions of three dykes with dollars. Maybe they're not true hustlers of the Lesbian world. Maybe what they're doing, they do strictly for sexual kicks. But underneath the flip language and the boasts and brags there still remains one obvious fact: dolls who dig dolls are still dykes in our book. No matter how large their bank accounts.

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ONE OF THE FACETS regarding Lesbianism that intrigues most men is that of the degree of sexual pleasure women can give to each other. Ego-wise, it is difficult for a man to accept the fact that it is even possible, much less more desirable than the normal heterosexual relationship. In short, most men say, "What she needs is a good fuck—and the only way a woman can get it is with a real cock."

Wrong.

The technique of Lesbian love-making, according to the women who practice them, are far more satisfying than what they can get from the majority of male lovers.

Why?

Because Lesbians—who become Lesbians because of unsatisfactory sexual experiences—have become expert in technique and in the manipulation and control of those areas of their body that are necessary for sexual excitement.

Take hip action, for instance. Proper hip movement puts the clitoris directly under the tongue and when coupled with the proper head action, the result is a constant orgasm. According to one Lesbian: "... When a gal really knows how to move her head, she's really fucking. She has to synchronize her head movements with the other gal's hip movements. When two gals get it done, pat, not a living symphony!"

Muscular ability and control play a big part in Lesbian love-making. Most Lesbians develop the muscles in their panties by constant exercise. One device is to insert a sponge into the cunt and relax and squeeze it by expanding and contracting their bottom muscles. The result is the ability to do much more with their breasts to the tongues of their partners.

But it is the development of the tongue muscles that is, to Lesbians, the most important. For the tongue is really the cardinal piece of sexual equipment.

The object is to be able to turn the short flat muscle into a rounded compact cylinder. For while vulva muscles will place the tongue directly over the clitoris, in the final analysis it is the tongue that does the work.

Lesbians put it this way: "No tongue is as long as the average cock. A man with a big prick can get way back into a pussy and prod around. But the length of the penis isn't what counts—it's what the peter touches inside."

"It's the clitoris that has to be loved. It's right inside the lips of the vulva. Some girls call it their *joy box*, my *little man*, hot *box*, *little monkey*, hot *vulva*—things like that.

"The clitoris is to a woman what the penis is to a man. To make the woman's ovaries go off the clitoris has to get excited—just like a man's penis has to have friction to fire off his balls.

"Some women have a small clit while others have a bigger one. Just as some men have little dinky penises while others are hung like a young stud stallion. But a good lesbian lover—with an educated tongue—can locate that hot vulva immediately. And actually, her tongue doesn't have to go in very deep.

"The deal is to love and caress that little man. He's the trigger on the gun. Most lesbian's do it with the tip of their tongue but some girls can actually curl their tongue and grab hold of the hot box.

"A man's knob doesn't hit the clitoris fully. His prick rubs on it but that's not hitting it hard enough. Most Lesbians don't get much kick out of a man because his cock doesn't love a clitoris enough!

"When a man makes entry into the pussy, his knob first hits the clitoris. That gives such a thrill that it is possible for a girl to go off right then and there.

"The man's knob then slides over the clitoris and back into the

vagina. The penis rubs and slides in and out but actually most men don't know how to fuck. They make short little jabs. Sure, the hot box gets rubbed but it needs to be pushed more than rubbed. And how can a man push without rubbing?

"The man needs to take long strokes. He should run back as far as he can get. Then he should go out until his knob is almost out. That is when the clit really gets pushed. And when his knob goes in, the hot box really gets moved around."

"Most men are too gentle in their fucking. Some just lay on a girl and hardly move their hips. That drives a girl wild. Her little monkey doesn't get pushed or rubbed hard enough."

"A man should come down hard on a girl. They should clack real tough, buttocks to buttocks. He shouldn't treat a girl like she's a China doll—just poke around inside. He should hit hard, bury his prick to the balls, then jerk it out to the tip."

"The cock should drag hard across the top of the vagina. That way he'll make the clitoris dance and soon the woman would blast off. Yeah, most men just don't know how to fuck."

Some Lesbians have very developed clitoruses. They're called Bull Diggers. Some even have small peckers. One Lesbian relates:

"She had a penis about the size of a four-year old boy's. It went in deep enough to just touch the outside of my hot box. Yeah, I went off—and it wasn't because of an educated tongue, either. It was like I had been laid by a short-peckered man."

Some Lesbians mount the other in manlike fashion and by rubbing their vulvas together finally create an orgasm. They're called bar nuns and they get their kicks out of rubbing their pubic hair against other pubic hair. Most of them shave leaving a stubble about like a man, but if he didn't shave for a day. Rough and stiff. One girl lies on her back, legs



splayed wide. The other mounts her and by moving their hips they rub their pubes harshly against each other. The sensation is similar to being kissed by a man with a beard. The girls are not out so much for an orgasm as for the pain of the frictioning stubble.

Disreputable outside agencies such as dildos, women lovers utilizing "original equipment"

are successful for two reasons: they are expert in love techniques and their equipment is fully developed to its total potential. This is hardly the case with most men. And it is the fact—more than psychological reasons—that has turned so many women to the arms of Lesbians. They know that if nothing else, the fucking they're going to get is worth the fucking they're going to get....











PROFILE OF A LESBIAN *****

Where Do They Come From? How Do They Get That Way? And is all they're after a roll in the hay...?

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HO IS A Lesbian? Where does she come from? What kind of a girl is she that would prefer the artificial sex of another woman to that which is obtainable only with a man? The questions as to the who, what, where, and how of Lesbianism are myriad. But the beliefs and ideas held by most individuals are so far from the truth as to be almost ludicrous. Research and investigation into this shadow world of the American mainstream has given us some of the answers. Answers which will shock you. . . .

Answers such as the fact that most Lesbians come not from the poor but from the upper middle class and from the very wealthy segments of our society. Why? Perhaps the statements of a Lesbian who does come from a poor background—one of the few to be heard—in the best method of answering.

"I come from a poor farm family in the midwest. There were eight kids—all sleeping in the same room. Sex was all around us—I mean once you've seen a stallion mount a mare and shove that two-foot dong into her, you don't have to have any imagination about the birds and the bees. . .

"Nobody tried to hide from the facts of life. It was nothing to walk in on my Mom and Paw and see them banging away at each other. I admit the first time that it happened it was kind of shocking. All that sweating and grunting and hollering. My Paw's bare ass sticking up in the air while he whaled away at Mom. Guess I was too young to know what was happening but they didn't even bother to close me out of the room. After that, like

most kids, I was so curious that whenever I'd hear them start, I'd open their door and stand there and watch. Now, sex wasn't any secret to me. . .

"And as we kids got older we began to fool around with each other. It started with masturbation and went on from there. My brother took my cherry when I was eleven. And I was fourteen when he made me suck him off. So you can understand why I led the way I do. . .

"I related sex to the way we lived. All crammed together. No money. Just enough food. Sure, we were poor white trash and the only enjoyment we had was sex. But I made up my mind that I was gonna get out. I didn't know how or what I had to do, but I wasn't going to spend my life like my mother. . .

"It was a social worker who gave me the opportunity. She was queer—though I didn't know anything about it at the time. Guess I was about seventeen—just beginning to look like a woman. Good tits—nice ass—pretty face. She came to the shack while I was taking a bath in a tub. Couldn't take her eyes off me while she was talkin' to my folks. When warned outside for me until I came out. Prepositioned me right then and there—if I'd go to town and live with her she'd take care of me. I didn't think of it in terms of sex—just as a way of getting out. Of having a chance at what other people take for granted. . .

"Oh, she was a real bitch. Had her own apartment. Cars. Servants. Was a social worker only because she didn't know what to do with herself. Didn't need money—her father left her some thing like eight million. And when I came to her place all she wanted to do was to make love. Couldn't keep her hands off me. She was named Nervous Gussie and 'cause she didn't know how I'd react. Hell, it didn't matter to me what she did—my secret had been doing it to me for years—

just as I had been doing it to them. . .

"It took me two days to figure it all out. That as long as I went along with her, there was money. And the good life. That was ten years ago. Since then I've been around the world—learned how to ski—how to fly—how to dress—you'd never know my background now. Oh, I'm not with that social worker anymore—the passed me on to one of her friends and it's just a matter of time until I have enough money of my own to cut out. . .

"What about men? I've had a few—what difference does it make who's playing with your rear or what you're sucking? Merry ones! What for—I've got everything a man can give me—without any of the problems. He thinks, I'll stick to women. . .

"But in my circles I've found out that there are very few poor girls who turn gay. Can't afford it, mainly. And most Lesbians are pretty well-educated. Have a certain amount of class and style. Unlike men, who'll fuck anything if they have the chance, Lesbians are more particular. They're not interested in just any girl—she has to have a certain amount of style and class to her. Which is the reason you don't find too many poor girls being Lesbians. . .

"Actually, taken as a group, Lesbians are pretty nice people. Most are well-brought up. Have good jobs. Very few are involved with dope or engage in anti-social activities. As a matter of fact, Lesbians are among society's learned, well-behaved, and most valued citizens. . .

Often times the reality doesn't match the image. Such is the case in regard to the view that the average American has toward the Lesbian world. He thinks of them as being perverted, uneducated, a source of crime, and totally undegrable in every way.

Obviously, nothing could be further from the truth. . .













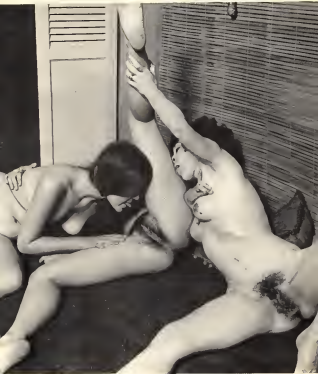
















The first time is usually the hardest—it's better that way



INITIATION OF A LESBIAN.....

MEN AND WOMEN are a combination of each other. There is no being that is all male or all female. We are a composite of feminine and masculine traits and tendencies. The true male controls and subdues whatever female inclination he might have—as does the female. Using a scale of 100, most individuals would record close to 50 per cent of their particular sex while 10 per cent would register for those traits belonging to the opposite sex. What occurs in the cases of homosexuality is that the balance is upset in some way and the tendencies belonging to the opposite sex become the dominating tendencies.

When this does occur, however, most individuals are not aware of what has taken place.

They are aware of strange feelings, urges, and desires. They are confused, and frightened, because though society and their upbringing tell them to lean toward a member of the opposite sex, those strange feelings, urges, and desires are having the opposite effect. Pressures and forces are counteracting each other and the tortured and confused individual is caught in the middle.

Usually, all it takes to get the person "over the hump" is one experience. One step toward homosexuality and the courage to go on somehow takes over. But that first step can be a horrifying experience. The following is a study of a girl and her first step...

Surprisingly, three girls were involved—not two. Mary P., Jean B., and Dorothy J. Friends since

childhood, they all worked in the same office and shared most of their activities. However, there was one activity that Mary didn't share—Jean and Dorothy were Lesbians and had been for over five years. But they knew something about Mary that she didn't know—or couldn't accept—she, too, was homosexual.

JEAN: "Dorothy and I shared the same apartment. Mary had wanted to move in with us when we took it, but since, at the time, we didn't know how she'd react to finding out that her two best friends were queer we steered her in the opposite direction. Though I kind of suspected that that she, too, was a Lesbian, because she only dated men, I didn't push her."

DOROTHY: "I guess I was the one who really gave Mary the

final push. It was obvious to me what she was. All you had to do was listen to her talk about her dates and her boyfriends. It wasn't that she was a cockteaser, but she wasn't about to let any one of them get into her pants. And the funny part of it—the part Mary couldn't understand—was that she really dug sex. She really wanted it. And bad.

"She was so uptight about it that she was heading for a nervous breakdown. Kept talking to me and Jeanne—asking us what was wrong with her. Why couldn't she do anyone then let some guy put his fingers up her pussy? It was driving her up the walls. And what made it worse was the way Jeanne and I were—content and relaxed. Perfectly happy with our lives. I think she suspected what the two of us were, but didn't have the nerve to ever ask. Well, one day at work, things got so bad that the boss was ready to fire her. She was in tears and I told her to come home with us—we'd find out what was wrong..."

MARY: "Sure, I suspected Jean and Dorothy. I'm not stupid. They never went out with men. They lived together. Things like that. But I wasn't sure. Anyway, when Dorothy invited me up to their apartment, I was in such a state emotionally that it didn't matter what they were. All that mattered was that they were going to try and help me."

JEAN: "There was only one way of helping Mary—that was to make her face the truth about herself. Or at least the possibility of the truth. So we let her with it as soon as she came in the door. Told her what we suspected about her—that she was queer, just like we were. That deep down inside she was also Lesbian..."

MARY: "I was shocked. Shocked and frightened because even if it was true, I don't think anybody wants to admit that about themselves. Not at first. Anyway, after I stopped arguing and deny-

ing and calmed down I asked them where did I go from here. Okay, maybe I was queer—how did I prove it and what did I do then...?"

DOROTHY: "That's when we made love to her. I know she'd never let just one of us do it—she was too shy and frightened to even think that. But if the two of us showed her—if her two best friends took care of her—then, maybe, she'd accept..."

"I kissed her. She was stiff to my arms—her mouth firm and set. It wasn't until my wet tongue began to move against her lips that I felt her relax. Jeanne's hands were soothingly stroking her white thighs—definitely touching the crotch of her white panties while my mouth worked and worked against hers..."

"She agreed and then settled back in my arms. Her legs relaxed and I could sense Jeanne on her knees in front of us, tugging down the now-disheveled panties. I saw her head disappear between the sofa cushions and felt Mary shiver in my arms. She buried her face in the curve of my shoulder and neck and lay still and quiet while I undid her dress and then quickly removed her bra straps. Her breasts tumbled in to my palms and she moaned as I soothingly stroked at the newly-hardened nipples..."

MARY: "Once I got over the initial fear and reluctance, it was all I thought sex should be. I loved the touch of Dorothy's hands and then mouth on my breasts and the feel of Jeanne's tongue and fingers around my pussy made me shiver with anticipation. I knew I was wet and I wondered how she'd react to the taste and smell of my love juice but she seemed to relish what she was doing and when her tongue probed deeper and deeper I gave up and completely succumbed to what they were doing to me..."

"I was completely naked now—my tits tight and taut—my legs quivering—my belly shaking—and my throat sucking at her mouth

for release. Finally I came... exploded with a wave of ecstasy that seemed to engulf my senses leaving me breathless and exhausted..."

JEAN: "The true test was what happened next. How she'd react when she realized that the two of us were as naked as she. She opened her eyes and looked up at our faces—then down the lengths of our bodies. And her hands reached up tentatively—softly—and I felt the rise of my own passion as her fingers began to drum around the sensitive areolae of my nipples. When she saw my responses and reactions, she lost all sense of reluctance and hesitation. With her hand still on my tits, she lowered her mouth to Dorothy's spread and waiting bush..."

MARY: "I was still scared. I had never done this before. Never even realized that it was possible. Girls just didn't do this sort of thing to each other. Well, not only did girls do this sort of thing—girls wanted to do this sort of thing. At least I did..."

DOROTHY: "Once Mary got turned on there was no stopping her. It was as if a dam to her sexual freedom had been cracked. Sure she was experienced and aware of what to do and how to do it, but in no time at all her tongue was working like a pro's and she was using her fingers as if we were tyroes!"

"She wouldn't let us stop until we had shown her all there was to show. Dubious. Analitico. Everything. And when it was done and Jeanne and I were too exhausted to do anything she but lay there, she licked the sweat of passion from our bodies. Oh yeah, if ever there was a girl who had been ripe and ready, Mary was that girl..."

MARY: "It's wonderful to know the truth about yourself. And to accept it. Next week we're going to look for a larger apartment. Not that we really need it, we could always find a bed large enough for all three..."



















Garden Of Youth

STYLING: [illegible] MAKEUP: [illegible]

*She Wanted the Wine of Experience Coupled With the
Champagne of Youth—and wound up alone*

THE MORNING IN the obscure journal had intrigued her with its ambiguity, its holding out of a promise. Volunteer wanted for body registration experiments, it read. Prior to male over age forty. All expenses plus gratuity. Contact Doctor Mark Quail, Epithymology Lab, University. She had pondered long over the ad, toying with a solitary supper until it grew cold on her plate. She went to a mirror and









HIGH NOON

He Walked Into A Goodbye—With an Unloaded Pistol

JACKRABBIT HOLLOW, POP. 8, Last Winter and Gen 200 M. There's what the sign said. According to my road map, there was a Mobile station about twenty miles ahead. Well, it might have closed down or something, and I couldn't take the chance. So I turned the car onto the narrow dirt road where the sign pointed, and drove the mile and a half to Jackrabbit Hollow.

Not much of a town, but what can you expect with a population of five people, none of whom were anywhere in sight, by the way. Just a continuous line of the dirt road, slightly undulating, with five or six abandoned storefronts on each side. Looked more like a set for a grade "B" western than a town. I got out of my car and stood there looking down that deserted street. Now where the hell is a fuel gas station?

"Stand where you are, pet! And don't make a false move."

Fred? She had to be kidding. I turned my head to where the female voice had come from and what do I see? Holy shit! A tall blonde, and really good-looking, before me, was standing on the wooden sidewalk . . . stark naked. At least, she was naked except for a floppy cowboy hat, a pair of black "cowboy" western boots, and a girdle.

On closer look, she was holding the pistol that belonged in the girdle, and pointing it at my belly.

"Where there," I called out. "I come real friendly-like." All of a sudden I found myself talking cowboy talk. Pretty weird for a New York City boy using the southwest for the first time in his life. Could have been the last, the way that naked-as-a-broad was waving that gun. She stepped down off the sidewalk and straddled up to me.

"We don't cotton to strangers around here," she said harshly.

"Well, here comes you just that size up to draw people from the main road, when there's a Mobile station

twenty miles ahead?"

"Quit prying!" and do what I say or I'll blow your balls off."

Palaver! She had to be kidding. "Now if you'll just be cool with that shooting iron," I said, "I'll turn right around, get out of here, and forget I ever heard of Jackrabbit Hollow, population five."

"The first thing you'll do is shut your yea," said the blonde. Boy, was she a knockout. Her full, white breasts quivered and swayed before my eyes with every tiny motion she made. "And the second thing you'll do," she added with a smirk, "is drop your pants."

"Hell I will," I said.

Crick? She fired off a shot from that peace-maker that probably went on more than a foot above my head. She wasn't kidding. There was nothing to do but follow the crazy dame's orders. I unbuttoned my belt and let my pants drop to the floor. I had a pretty good erection under my BVDs at the point, weird as I was. I couldn't get my eyes off her crotch. She had a neat little bush, but not enough hair to hide the tempting pink tips that poked out through her vagina.

"Drop them shorts too, Buster."

"Buster?" She had to be kidding. "My name's Fred. If you want to know," I said.

"Drop 'em!" she yelled, getting red with anger.

I did, and stood there in front of her, naked below the waist. My pants stood straight out and I was really hot. She was looking down at it, a grin on her pretty face.

I made a feeble grab for the gun, while her attention was glued to my cock. I grabbed it, but I tripped over my girdledrums pants. As she drew back, trying to pull the gun away, I full on my face in the dust. I wouldn't release my grip on the gun though. We struggled like that for some time, she pulling back, and me hanging on and being dragged forward in the dust.

Finally, my pants dragged off and I was able to struggle to my feet. I pulled the gun away, and held it on her.

"Now it's your turn to follow orders," I said.

"I ain't followin' no orders," she replied.

Crick! I was careful that the shot went a good ten feet over her head.

"Turn around, spread your pretty legs, and then bend very over."

She did, and I put my swollen dingus right up her crack, doggie style. Then I pumped away until I couldn't hold off my orgasm any longer. I shot a long load into her pussy, and kept pumping away for a long time, before I finally slowed to a halt and pulled out. Then I stepped back and ordered her to turn around.

We stood there confronting each other. There was a smear of come on her public bush, and my rail was dripping the stuff down into the dust.

"How about in hell am I going to do with you?" I asked.

"Cut!" a male voice called out behind me. "Frontal Good job, Mels."

"What the . . ." As I turned around I saw a guy in a white shirt with his sleeves rolled up loading my way. Behind him, another guy-armed with a sixteen millimeter rifle—dropped out of hiding. The first guy had a light meter around his neck and a clip board in his hands.

"Thanks for the show, stranger," he grinned. "Underground movies. We'll give you a hundred bucks for a staged re-enact release. Besides, that's what we're after. Realism. And that's what we got this trip. Okay, get dressed, baby."

After I soaked down, I had lunch with the crew and signed their re-enact release. Then, they filled my gas tank from a can, said good-bye, and I pulled back out onto the main road. By the way, take my advice. When traveling in deserted sections of the southwest, stick to the main road.



basic black

*Colored Chicks Are Getting Shot Out of The Sex Scene—
That's Why They're Swinging Together*

AN INTERESTING insight that has developed out of the nation's breakdown of sexual and social barriers is what has happened—and is happening—to the younger colored girls. Investigators have turned up the fact that more and more of them are switching to Lesbian relations with each other. This would seem to go against the current trend of the intermingling of races.















